

Discipline

Claimed - II

Darkdaggers

Discipline by Darkdagers

Series: [Claimed \[2\]](#)

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Summary:

Bill tries to avoid Pennywise, unsuccessfully.

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Author's Note:

- Translation into 中文 available: [纪律](#) by [tanyvS](#)

Bill yawned as he stretched, working the kinks out of his neck and shoulders. He was exhausted, scratch that, he was beyond exhausted; he was at the point of wanting to pass out at any moment. Bill reached over and grabbed his yellow mug. Bringing it to his lips, he took a large gulp and then grimaced. The coffee had gone cold. Heaving a sigh, he set the mug back down and turned his attention back to his computer. Bill ran a hand through his hair as he stared at the screen. The resolution was giving him a headache, a deep pounding behind his eyes.

Rubbing his eyes, Bill glared at the screen that seemed to be mocking him. The screen seemed to be winning the brief staring match as his vision began to blur. He glanced over at the clock. It was three o'clock in the morning and he was getting near to seventy-two hours without sleep.

He couldn't sleep. Not when he was trying to avoid...IT.

Ever since that first nightmare, anytime Bill fell asleep he always seemed to end up in those damn sewers. More specifically, in IT's lair. Heat crawled across his face and he groaned as his body stirred with the memories of what exactly had happened in those dreams.

Hesitantly, Bill reached up and gently ran his fingers across the scabbed bite mark. It rested at the junction between his neck and shoulder and was the only thing that had stayed on his skin after his encounters. The slightly graze of his fingertips sent pleasant shivers

through him and he yanked them away.

It had only taken a few of those dreams to turn Bill off the idea of sleeping. He was too far away for IT to physically get to him while awake, which meant it could only go after him while he slept. Which was why Bill tried to avoid sleeping. It wasn't turning out very well.

Bill hated the way he acted in those dreams. How he wanted more and more and submitted every time to that demented clown.

So, he threw himself into his work. He was working on his latest novel and making good progress, but now Bill's head was getting foggier the longer he went. His goal was to be so exhausted when he did fall asleep that he would fall into a dreamless sleep.

His trash can was full of empty energy drink cans and candy wrappers. They helped somewhat, but he could still feel the exhaustion pulling on him. Bill needed to make a run to the store soon. His supply of the surgery drinks and coffee was getting low.

Stifling a yawn, Bill turned his attention back to his novel and made himself type out a few more sentences. He wondered if they were even coherent at this point. Reaching over, he picked up his mug again, downing the cold brew as he pondered over his story. His eyes felt so grainy and he really wanted to close them, just for a few minutes.

Maybe he should get up and go brew another pot of coffee. Just getting up and moving around would help wake him up a bit but Bill just wanted to finish a few more paragraphs and then he would go

into the kitchen.

Focusing on the word document he did his best to write a coherent sentence, not even aware that his strokes on the keyboard had started to slow before they came to a stop. His heavy eyelids drooped lower and lower.

Just for a second, he thought, he would rest his eyes just for a second then he would get back to work.

Panic seized hold of him as Bill glanced around at the all too familiar place that served as IT's lair. The tower of forgotten things stood tall as ever in the center of the large underground room; the stage door closed in the center.

Cold seeped through his pajamas, a plain grey tank top and dark grey sweat pants. Not the greatest outfit of choice to be here with. Bill swallowed hard, his hands going to his hair to give it a tug as he cursed himself. He had fucking fallen asleep and was now trapped here. Bill bit his lip as he glanced around. There was no sign of Pennywise, but it had to be here somewhere.

Chills went down his back as he could feel eyes on him. "Wh-where are you?" Bill yelled out as he grew more anxious.

"You've been avoiding me, Billy," the voice seemed to echo around

him, angry and sharp. Bill swallowed at the tone.

"N-n-o I haven't," he lied as he shifted nervously, trying to see if he could spot the shape shifter.

A cold humorless laugh came from behind him and Bill spun but saw no one. He took a step back, the cold water seeping into his pants.

"Sh-show yourself, damn it!" He shouted, trying to steady his nerves. Bill could feel eyes on his back, but every time he spun around there was nothing there. His hands began to shake slightly.

"Are you afraid?" It giggled and Bill knew it was enjoying this.

"Fuck you!" Bill growled, sick of being toyed with. He made his way towards one of the open tunnels that lead deeper into the sewers and hopefully a possible exit.

Bill wrapped his arms around him, finding the area chilly on his exposed skin. It didn't help that his pants were getting soaked and his feet were already ice cold. He could feel the rocks and dirt beneath them and once in a while he would step on something a bit squishy and tried not to think what it was or could be.

A soft giggle had Bill stopping in his tracks. Turning he caught sight of a small shadowed figure standing in the tunnel behind him. Bill's breath caught in his throat, but there was no sign of a yellow rain slicker. It still sent chills down his spine.

Bright glowing red orbs glowed from the shadowy face. The glow was enough for him to make out a large mouth grinning at him; full of very sharp teeth. The small creature took a step towards him, then another before it began to run at him. Bill ran.

"Don't you want to play with me?" The monster asked in a high pitched voice, giggling as it chased him. Bill wasn't able to lose the thing and it was starting to gain ground on him.

"Fuck!" Bill hissed as he nearly fell, his foot hitting a slick spot. He could hear the creature getting closer.

He knew he wouldn't be able to out run it, but that didn't stop him from trying. Bill didn't want to know what It had in store for him when it did catch him. He almost cried out in relief as he caught sight of an opening at the end of the tunnel. He had found a way out.

As Bill ran through the opening he nearly screamed in frustration. He was back where he started. Arms wrapped around him in a vise-like grip, lifting his feet off the ground.

"Caught you," Pennywise hissed softly and Bill tried to suck in a breath of air.

Bill struggled for air. "C-c-cant...b-b-breathe," he gasped out. The clown loosened It's grip just enough for him to take small gulps of air, while still being held tightly against It's body.

"You shouldn't have kept me waiting," It growled against his ear before giving it a hard nip. Bill gasped at the prick of pain and felt his cock twitch excitedly.

He hated how his body reacted so willingly, hated how the damn clown could make him feel and hated himself how he craved more of It's touches. It purred as it ran its nose down the side of his neck, inhaling his scent. Then It's tongue brushed over the bite mark before giving it a small nip and Bill's cock went hard, his body leaning back against Pennywise and his neck exposed for more attention as he moaned like a whore that he was.

The clown scooped him up in its arms like he weighed nothing and turned towards its stage door that was now opened within the pile. Bill's heartbeat sped up, as he anticipated what was to come. Going through another door, Pennywise set him down roughly onto the mattress in the middle of the floor.

Fear and excitement coursed through his veins as Bill looked up and met its eyes. They burned gold and glittered dangerously in the low light.

"You need to be punished," Pennywise growled as a wicked grin spread across its face.

"I-I-I wasn't...," Bill tried to lied, but his voice faltered when its eyes darkened.

"You have been such a bad boy, my little Billy," Pennywise said, wagging a finger at him disapprovingly. "So you must be punished."

"What kind of p-p-punishment?" This was turning him on more than it should. Then the room went dark and Bill couldn't stop the startled gasp that escaped him. The darkness felt thick and heavy and it was impossible to see anything. Not even his own hand in front of his face. It was very unsettling and he jumped at every little noise.

Something slick ran across his hand and Bill quickly yanked it to his chest, trying to make anything out in the darkness. Then something brushed against his foot. A small squeak escaped him and Bill brought all his limbs in close to his body as he shook. It was terrifying.

Then it brushed against the back of his neck and Bill spun around on the mattress even though he knew he wouldn't be able to see anything. Putting a hand on the back of his neck he felt a slick wet trail there. He could hear his breathing, shallow and ragged and his heart beat thundered in his ears. It was so disorienting, not knowing what was in front or behind you. Almost not knowing what was up or down, lost in a sea of darkness.

Whatever that wet and slimy thing was lashed out at him as it wrapped around his neck in a tight grip and yanked him back. Bill's hands flew to it, trying to pry it off as his air was suddenly choked off. His feet kicked out on the mattress as his wrists were suddenly yanked to the side, his wrists bound by this thing. It lifted him upright until he was on the balls of his feet.

The noose loosened just enough so that he could breath, but stayed around his neck and his arms were spread high above his head. He

panted and waited. Bill didn't have to wait long.

The first touch from Pennywise made him jump. "All tied up and nowhere to go," It giggled. Bill gasped as a hand ran under his shirt and stroked his stomach. His muscles jumped at the contact. Then the hand changed to something cool and slimy, wriggling to the top of his shirt tearing it. He wouldn't admit it, but Bill made a small squeaking sound as more of those...things assaulted him. Running up his shirt, down his pants and before he knew it, Bill was naked.

A tentacle thing was stroking down his body until it reached his cock, which wasn't exactly as hard as it once was. Not until it started stroking him, twisting around him in ways that made flashes of light appear behind Bill's eyes. He moaned and tried to thrust into it, but he had no leverage to do so. He was now hard, and ready to cum when the tentacle lashed around the base of his cock and tightened.

Bill let out a sound of frustration. Yet his torment didn't stop there. Appendages ran along his body, caressing him. His nipples, his balls, his cock and one pressed into his entrance. Slick it easily penetrated him and filled him, pumping and rubbing against his prostate, making Bill cry out with the pleasure. Every time he thought he would come, his orgasm crested then fell away as his release was denied.

Panting in the dark, Bill could feel his sweat coat his body as he was brought close to the verge over and over again. Tears of frustration leaked down his face and he began to beg.

"P-p-please," he said quietly. "Please l-l-let me come."

The tentacles left him, all except the one around his cock. Leaving him feeling cold and empty. Bill almost sobbed with the loss. He jumped when bare hands ran across his shoulders before the sharp nails drew down his back, causing him to hiss slightly. Then a whimper escaped him as Pennywise ran a tongue up the superficial cuts.

"I love it when you beg," It growled lowly. "But you need to learn your lesson." Pennywise bit down on his mark which made Bill cry out with pain and pleasure, shaking in his strange shackles as his release was denied again.

"Please!" He cried out, tears running down his face. A hard cock pressed against his entrance and pushed in; large and full. Bill groaned with the feeling as he was brought to his toes completely at the clown's mercy with each thrust.

Bill cried out with the fullness, the pleasure. "Sing for me," Pennywise cooed. And Bill did. The thrusts became hard, more vicious and the clown growled as it spent itself inside Bill. Bill sobbed.

"P-p-please!" He cried. "P-please let me c-c-come."

Pennywise pulled out, once again leaving him empty and cold. "I don't think you've learned your lesson yet."

"No, I h-h-have. I swear. I l-l-learned my lesson."

"Hmmm," Pennywise hummed, a hand reaching over and stroking his engorged cock. "And what was the lesson?"

"To not a-a-void you. I p-p-promise I won't."

"Hmmm, and what else?" Its teeth nipped at his mark causing Bill to cry out as his body shook.

"I'll c-c-come to you."

The clown stepped away from him, although he still couldn't see anything, and the tentacles were back; running over his already over sensitized body. Bill cried with the frustration. It felt to go on forever.

"PLEASE!" He screamed. "I promise! I'll d-d-do what you a-ask. Anything, I s-s-swear!"

Hands gripped his face and pulled him in for a ferocious kiss. Bill submitted, groaning as Pennywise's tongue rubbed against his. Trying to show that he meant his words. The clown lifted him up and Bill wrapped his legs around Its waist, its cock pressing back into his already abused hole. He moaned and writhed as best he could as the clown thrust up into him. The tentacle holding his cock suddenly released him and Bill came so hard lights exploded behind his eyelids. His body shook and shivered for what felt like an eternity and Bill welcomed it before falling into darkness once again.

The world slowly came into focus and Bill could see that there was once again light. Soft light, but enough for him to make out his surroundings. He was pressed up against the body of Pennywise, laying slightly on top of it. Fingertips ran through his hair and Bill practically leaned into the caress as he stretched against it.

Its body was hard and warm, and Bill could hear a heartbeat within its chest. He closed his eyes wishing he could stay in this state forever but knowing that he would have to wake soon. The hand in his hair stopped, and Pennywise rolled over so that he was on top of him, staring down into his eyes. Those eyes, a deep gold color that seemed to glow with an inner light. It made his heart beat more quickly as he stared back, feeling something inside him answer to an unasked question.

Its features were softened, more human like and Bill really, really liked it. Pennywise leaned down and kissed him. Their tongues intertwined and Bill whimpered wanting more, trying to press his body up into its. But the clown was having none of it. It pulled back once again staring down at him.

"My rest is coming to an end," It said. "Soon I will need to feed again."

It was like being doused in ice cold water. And panic ceased him. Bill tried to push him aside, but Pennywise was too strong and kept him pinned down.

"You will come to be before then," the clown demanded a sadistic grin spread across its face. "I may not need to ...feed as much if you

are here. Come too late and many more could die."

The clown leaned down and captured his lips in a rough kiss before the room went dark.

Bill bolted upright in his computer chair, gasping for air and trying to get his heart beat under control. Cursing, he slumped back and groaned at the sore crick in his neck. He reached a hand up and rubbed the area, glad it was the opposite side to his bite mark. Once again his boxers were wet and sticky and Bill ran a hand down his face in exhaustion. Well, that didn't go over too well. And he sure didn't want to go through something like that again. Even now his body was strained, over sensitized and on edge and ready to go.

Glancing at the computer monitor, Bill let out an annoyed groan as he saw that his word document now had several pages of gibberish from where he had rested on the keyboard in his sleep.

"Fuck this," he growled.

Bill wasn't sure what to do now. If he went to Derry, what would IT do to him? He hated that part of him was excited to see what exactly would happen. Leaning back in his chair, Bill ran different possibilities through his head.

How many would die if he didn't go? And that would just mean more

torment from the clown in his dreams and he couldn't stay awake forever and he couldn't handle more nights like the one he just went through.

If he went...then maybe he could control how many lived? Could he even trust what that thing said? And was it worth the risk? So many different emotions coursed through him that Bill didn't know what to do. First thing he needed to do was take a shower. And second...he need to pack up and head to Derry. That still didn't mean he knew what he was going to do, but Bill would think up something by then.

Author's Note:

Thank you guys so much for the positive feed back on the first part! I do have another part planned out for this series :) I want to thank my wonderful helpful beta Morgana who is just amazing and is always giving me ideas. Thank you guys so much for reading!!